

# To the Ex Who Told Me, "I never wanted to date you in the first place"

Camryn Hay

For him,  
I don't hope for  
misery or an STD.  
I don't hope for  
Alzheimer's, car accidents, or jail.  
However, for him,  
I do hope for photographs  
that never capture his good side.  
I hope for late buses, cold macaroni,  
shirts that are always a tinch too tight,  
and a radiator with a rattling screw.  
I hope for taco shells that  
fall apart with the first bite  
and keys that disappear  
when he's late for work  
on a Monday morning.  
I hope for him a lifetime  
of Monday mornings.  
I hope for many first dates,  
but not so many second ones.  
I hope for the friendzone,  
for his brother to be better at everything,  
and a B+ in every class he'll take.  
I hope for him a long-term relationship  
that breaks  
right around the time his buddies  
get hitched.